

THERE IS NO DEATH

SONG

WORDS BY
GORDON JOHNSTONE

MUSIC BY

GEOFFREY O'HARA

PRICE 75 CENTS
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THERE IS NO DEATH!

Words by
GORDON JOHNSTONE

Music by
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Maestoso (♩:86)

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It begins with a piano introduction in B-flat major, 4/4 time, marked 'Maestoso' with a tempo of 86 beats per minute. The piano part features a steady eighth-note accompaniment in the right hand and a more active bass line in the left hand, including a prominent triplet in the second measure. The vocal melody enters in the third measure. The lyrics are: 'I tell you they have not died, They live and breathe with you; They walk now here at your side, They tell you things are true. Why'. The score includes dynamic markings such as *ff* (fortissimo) and *mp* (mezzo-piano), and phrasing slurs. The piano part continues with complex chordal textures and rhythmic patterns throughout the vocal lines.

I tell you they have not died, They live and breathe with you; They

walk now here at your side, They tell you things are true. Why

più mosso *marcato*

dream of pop-pied sod When you can feel their breath, When

più mosso *marcato*

ff

flow'r and soul and God, Knows there is no death!

mf

I tell you they have not died, Their hands clasp yours and mine; They

mf

Agitato-

are now but gio-ri-fied, They have be-come di-vine. They

e molto accel. *ritardando*

live! they know! they see! They shout with ev - 'ry breath:

agitato e molto accel. *ritardando*

marcato

"All is E-ter - nal life! There is no death!"

THERE IS NO DEATH!

I tell you they have not died,
They live and breathe with you;
They walk here at your side,
They tell you things are true.
Why dream of poppied sod
When you can feel their breath,
When flow'r and soul and God
Knows there is no death!

*Death's but an open door,
We move from room to room,
There is one life, no more;
No dying and no tomb.
Why seek ye them above,
Those that ye love dear?
The All of God is Love,
The All of God is Here.*

I tell you they have not died,
Their hands clasp yours and mine;
They are but glorified,
They have become divine.
They live! they know! they see!
They shout with every breath:
"Life is eternity!
There is no death!"

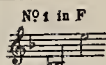
GORDON JOHNSTONE.

Editor's note:

In justice to the writer we have reprinted his poem in full, and exactly as his original was written.

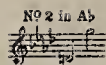
Other Notably Successful Sacred Songs

by
BERNARD HAMBLÉN



Cast Thy Burden

(A veritable gem of Sacred melody)
ulde press.



REFRAIN
Adagio religioso

poco cresc. *poco rall.*

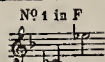
Cast thy bur-den on the Lord, He shall thee sustain; He hath promised in His word Ease for all thy pain.

p *colla voce*

He who knows thy every care shall thy footsteps guide,
Cast thy burden on the Lord, in His love abide.

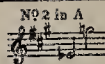
VERSE - Sometimes the way is dark, the path unknown;
Thy spirit seems to bear its cross alone;
There is no song of bird, no wayside flower,
No light to guide thee through the darksome hour, etc.

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Jesus of Nazareth King!

(A magnificent song of triumph)
ulde press.



FINALE
Andante maestoso

p *rall.*

Hail, King E-ter-nal, All praise to Thee, Who bore our sor-rows On yon-der tree;

Tripl. *Prof.* *dim.* *p* *rall.*

Owe we Thy sceptre, in willing thrall,
Hail, hail, King of all
Jesus of Nazareth, King!

OPENING. Jesus of Nazareth, King!
A humble Nazarene, upon a cross of shame,
Pierced and bruised is suffering for those who scorned His name;
Around His form is hov'ring grim Death, with sable wing;
Above His head, a sign is writ— "Jesus of Nazareth, King!" etc.

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Other Notably Successful Sacred Songs

by
BERNARD HAMBLÉN

No 1 in Ab

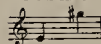


REFRAIN

p dolcemente

The Still, Small Voice

No 2 in C



Sweetly it tells of rest from pain, Sorrow and sighing o'er,
In that fair land where Love doth reign Perfect forever more.

Rough is the path and thorny
Thy weary feet must tread;
Dark is the way before thee.
Storm- clouds are overhead.
Dimly is seen the vision,
Low burns the sacred flame;
Yet, thro' the world's loud clamour,
The world's loud clamour,
Yet, thro' the world's loud clamour
Rings clear one Blessed Name

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No 1 in F



REFRAIN

p Andante moderato

On Eagles' Wings

No 2 in A



They shall run and falter not Who his mercy prove,
They shall mount on Eagles' wings In His perfect love.

1st Verse - Where is thy strength, O pilgrim?
Why doth thy courage fail?
Canst thou not climb the mountain peak,
Or tread the lonely vale?
One Pow'r alone can help thee,
Leading thee all the way;
He will thy faltering footsteps guide,
Keep thee from day to day.
They that wait upon the Lord
Shall Their strength renew;
Weariness shall pass away
As the morning dew;

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Four Indian Songs

A Cycle of Four Songs

Words from "The Garden of Kama"

Music by

by Laurence Hope

HERMANN LOHR

(Keys: Low, Medium and High)

To maintain the high standard of previous achievement is something to be placed on the record of any labourer in the field of Art. When Hermann Löhr submitted "**Songs of the Southern Isles**" to the verdict of a critical public, they were received with a chorus of approval, but his creative instinct seems not to have rested content with such speedy recognition, and in quick succession he has written these "**Four Indian Songs**."

Through the medium of Laurence Hope's realistic verse, he has "heard the East a-callin'," like Kipling's "ten year soldier," and for the time being has evidently "heeded nothin' else." All the veiled mysticism, the relentless fascination and the pitiless fatalism of the East have been woven into the texture of these songs. In "**Starlight**" we seem to see the midnight sky of the Orient ablaze with myriad points of light, which by their cold brilliance intensify the passion and pain of the lover's questionings.

"**Just in the Hush Before the Dawn**" is full of mystery and eeriness which are heightened by the recurrence of a simple triplet figure in the voice part and the accompaniment. The song closes in a climax eloquently suggestive of the Oriental spirit of "Kismet."

Tragic and poignant feeling throbs in every note of "**This Passion is but an Ember**." This consummation is reached by very simple harmonic means which alone are a tribute to the composer's talent. "**On the City Wall**" embodies the tragedy of the meeting of East and West,—of the "blue eyes that conquer the brown eyes,"—and the resultant hopeless love.

"Blue eyes so clear and brilliant,
Brown eyes so dark and deep,
Those are dim and ride away,
These cry themselves to sleep."

Here again, the heights of Love and Sorrow are touched, and the means employed are so simple and direct as to make this number all the more convincing.

If anything further were needed to strengthen the regard in which Hermann Löhr is held by singers and song-lovers the world over, this Cycle of Four Songs would do much to achieve that object.

PRICE, \$1.50 NET, COMPLETE

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